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A I R , D I R T & I N K ! ! !

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A Boring Communications Publication

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Vol 1, Issue 2

June-July 1987

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**NATIONAL &
INTERNATIONAL NEWS:
"THOUSANDS ATTEND THE
GREAT CONVERGENCE"**

An estimated 15,000 greying hippies, New Age affectionados and Amway salespersons from all over the United States, together with the characters from the TV cartoon series "Master's of the Universe," gathered on Sunday August 19th to usher in what some are calling the dawning of a New Age at various mountain tops, holy places and jacuzzis. "The Great Convergence" was recently popularized by Para-psychological-Historian and noted Immigration Specialist, Emanuel Duarte-Doszapatos-Del Rio-Da Checks in da mail-Cortez. Noting an ancient Aztec laundry list, Dr. Cortez proclaimed that Sunday marked the turning point in history ("depending, of course, on how one would interpret the use of the article 'la' on the fifth line of the laundry list . . . "). His concern was that all peoples would gather together in a spirit befitting the

New Age.

By all reports the worldwide gatherings occurred without incident. Noted exceptions were "family squabbles" between the "brothers and sisters" in the Persian Gulf, South Africa, Nicaragua, Afghanistan, The West Bank of the Jordan, the Kremlin, The US House of Representatives, Ronald Reagan's broom closet . . . [ADI]

**"DEUKMEJIAN SAYS,
'HIGHWAY SHOOTING
ENCOURAGES
CARPOOLING'"**

California governor, George Deukmejian, citing the overwhelming demand being placed on the state's Commuter Computer, said, "California drivers, long known for their exceptional driving skills, are showing their resilience in this difficult hour," Speaking to reporters from his newly unveiled Office of Bright Ideas the Governor stated, "Instead of ducking their heads, they have decided to fight back. They have shown their resourcefulness by

using agencies, such as the Office of Bright Ideas and the Commuter Computer, to team up with other concerned drivers and show these suburban terrorists that we're not afraid to get our Preludes and Audi's back on the road."

The smiling Governor added, "According to the Commuter Computer, you have an excellent chance of finding a driver if you are a rider who has had previous experience as a weapon's specialist in the military." Also mentioned as having an excellent chance at finding drivers were riders with previous experience in the Secret Service's VIP bullet blocking detail. The Commuter Computer matches drivers and riders on the basis of home and work locations, work schedule, net income, number of marriages, political views and favorite sexual positions. The function of the Office of Bright Ideas did not come up during the one minute press conference. [ADI]

AIR, DIRT & AIR "Airing opinions,
kicking up Dirt and wasting a lot of
Ink!!!"

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Vidd E-0

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[ADI]

RELIGION: "VATICAN'S ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE THE MEDIA'S ATTENTION"

With stiff summer competition
from the normally boring American
Fundamentalists and Evangelicals,
Vatican watchers report that the
Holy See is working overtime to
keep the Pontiff's name in the
press. Research conducted at the
Gregorian Biblical Institute in
Rome indicates that for religious
personalities to maintain a
presence in the media, the current
trend is for them to involve
themselves in controversies
centered on non-essential issues.
Based on this research the public
relations people handling the
Pontiff announced today that he
will soon publish a 3,800 page
Papal Encyclical on the
relationship between chicken's
having lips and the Pope being
Catholic. In an effort to promote
his publication the Pontiff will
be joining the California leg of
the Ozzy Osborne tour in September
[ADI]

EDITORIAL: "THE MEDIA AND REAGAN ON THE PERSIAN GULF"

A lot has transpired since
that fateful day, way back in the
distant past (April?) when the
first issue of **Air, Dirt & Ink** made
its appearance on the scene (God,
three trite phrases in one
sentence!). Anyway, the summer has
proved to be, in many ways,
overwhelming in its revelations and
eventfulness. "Too much
information runnin' 'round my
brain, too much information drivin'
me insane." Afghanistan, Gary
Hart, Jim & Tammy, Drug Abuse,
Ollie for President, the NRA's
answer to California freeway
gridlock . . . US Warships in the
Persian Gulf---Time waits for no
one and it sure as hell doesn't
seem to care whether **ADI** gets
(continued on page 8)

Air, Dirt & Ink, A Boring Communications Publication
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(714) 524-9310

September 17, 1987

Dear prospective Subscriber:

Welcome to the wonderful world of Air, Dirt & Ink!

I would like to invite you to come aboard and become a subscriber. In a world where good misinformation is hard to come by, you can have it delivered to your own door. For a measly six bucks you can become thoroughly informed about what's not happening in the news. How can you beat that?

Just fill out the form below. Come on, don't be an intellectual wimp!

Hey, and while you're at it, why don't you get back at those no-good friends of yours and send their names and addresses to us (how do you think we got your address). We'll add them to our mailing list. Just put the pertinent info on the form below and send it in. Why not do it today?! Why should you be the only one so thoroughly in the dark?

Also, writers and other social misfits are encouraged to send us your best works (like you're going to send us your worst stuff, right?). Our professional staff will go over it with a fine tooth comb (not so great for catching spelling errors but effective in getting rid of those pesky dandruff flakes that can be a real social embarrassment). We'll let you know just how in tune with the times you are (the more in tune, the less likely that we'll use your stuff). Come on, submit your thoughts to ADI!!

Back issues are available upon request.

Impatiently Waiting,


Joseph B. Bustillos

editor/publisher/Geraldo Rivera non-clone - Air, Dirt & Ink
cut here

Boring Communications today's date _____
3200 Palm Drive, #458
Fullerton, CA 92631

(your name) _____
(your address) _____

Yeah, put my no-good buddy on your list:

(name) _____
(address) _____

**"IRAN-CONTRA SURPRISES
CONTINUE: CASEY'S
POSTHUMOUS TESTIMONY"**

In a move that has left Capital Hill buzzing, it has been learned that during its final week of closed door testimony, the Iran-Contra Committee heard the testimony of deceased CIA director, William Casey. It had been previously projected that Casey, being dead, would be saddled with the blame for the Reagan administration's misguided and possibly illegal scheme to continue monetary support of the Contras with revenue generated from the sale of arms to Iran for the release of hostages held by terrorist groups in the Middle East (Did you get all that?). What had not been counted on was Casey's unwillingness to take this thing lying down.

Oliver North, upon hearing about the latest development, commented, "I told you guys he was a tough son of a bitch."

In a post-hearing press release the apparition made the following general comments: "Ollie's only mistake is that he didn't use the cyanide tablets I gave him . . . The President and George Schultz were just as in the dark

[about the operation] as they appeared to be . . . While testifying before the Iran-Contra panel Poindexter was not using tobacco in his pipe."

Casey's ghost concluded his testimony with the statement, "It's all Jerry Falwell's fault."

It was announced that the Iran-Contra panel also heard testimony from Napoleon Bonaparte and General Francisco Franco (both of whom are still dead). [ADI]

**"RON & NANCY JUST SAY
'NO' TO CIA DRUG
DEALERS"**

The President and the First Lady went on record today as saying "No to drugs," even when the drug pusher is Uncle Sam. Responding to media pressure (particularly from Star and National Enquirer Reporters) the President commented on an element of the Iran-Contra Controversy that has thus far been ignored by the Congressional panel.

In a story originally given national coverage in May by ABC TV's news magazine, "20/20," it was disclosed that the CIA was allegedly operating a De

Lorean-styled money making scheme in Central America with revenue generated by the Iranian arms sales.

In his half minute press conference, the President neither confirmed nor denied that revenue generated by the Iranian arms sales was being used by the CIA to bring illegal drugs into the United States to generate further revenues for the Contras in Nicaragua.

Sounding very much like Oliver North, the President made it clear that he would have personally done anything to further the cause of the "Freedom Fighters in Nicaragua. But," he then added, he "and Nancy would have a hard time figuring out what to do with 220 million dollars worth of cocaine."

After the President read his prepared statement questions from the Press were fielded by Boy George and Tammy Faye Bakker. [ADI]

**MUSIC Update: "If
Michael Can't Be Nasty
Can He Really Be Bad?"**

Yes.

[ADI]

"IRS EXPLAINS TAX REFUND DELAYS"

The Internal Revenue Service today published a 3,000 page statement explaining that tax refund delays were the result of the IRS's adoption of the Department of Defense's MME system.

MME stands for "Military Material Exchange." Based on this system of exchange (which in the past has been quite popular among defense contractors) a taxpayer, for example, that owes the federal government \$6,000 simply sends a toilet (new, complete set--seat, bowl, tank, etc) to the regional federal office. The DOD has published a handbook listing the current rates of exchange. This booklet is available to the general public for a fee of \$25,000 (or two toilets and a Craftsman phillips head screwdriver).

The chief problem that the IRS is experiencing in implementing this system is that some taxpayers who thought they were checking the square for a contribution to the Presidential Campaign fund were actually checking the box that asked for a refund based on MMEs.

Numerous complaints are being received daily from taxpayers who were expecting a refund minus one dollar but instead found UPS delivery boys bearing gifts of assorted nuts and bolts ("1 1/2 inch, hex head wood bolt = \$350," MMEs manual for 1986 page 3452, section 4563.003). When a Department of Defense official was notified of the IRS situation he responded sarcastically, "Gee, I don't understand this. The system worked so well for us." [ADI]

ADI ASTROLOGICAL PROJECTIONS

[ed., From the sacred halls of once oil industry giant, Fluor Corporation of Irvine, CA., comes this unusual nod to humankind's search for a clear picture of the what the future will bring --- at least anything more clear than that last sentence. Smuggled out of the corporate citadel at great risk to her own welfare, not to mention how silly she's going to feel when she sees her name in this news-whatever, **Connie Bustillos**, careerwoman and gatekeeper to physical-therapist-in-training and famed Bill Murray clone, **Matt Bustillos**, handed me a single unmarked envelope which

contained the following words of wisdom.]

ARIES (March 21-April 19) You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick-tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are not very nice.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination, and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bullheaded. You are a Communist.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are cheap. Geminis are known for incest.

CANCER (June 22-July 21) You are sympathetic and understanding about other people's problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That's why you'll never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are Cancer people.

(continued on page 5)

Astrology cont. from page 4

LEO (July 22-Aug. 21) You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo people are bullies. You are vain, and dislike honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieves.

VIRGO (Aug. 22-Sept. 22) You are the logical type, and hate disorder. This nit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional, and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos make good bus drivers.

LIBRA (Sept. 22-Oct. 22) You are the artistic type, and have a difficult time with reality. If you are a man, you are more than likely queer. Chances for employment and monetary gains are excellent. Most Libra women are good prostitutes. All Libras die of VD.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) You are shrewd in business, and cannot be trusted. You will achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. Most Scorpio people are murdered.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) You are optimistic and

enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack talent. The majority of Sagittarians are drunks or dope fiends. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20) You are conservative, and afraid of taking risks. You don't do much of anything, and are lazy. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. Capricorns should avoid standing still for too long, as they take root and become trees.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) You have an inventive mind, and are jealous and possessive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand, you are inclined to be reckless and impractical; therefore, you make the same mistakes over and over again. People think you are stupid.

PISCES (Feb. 20-March 20) You have an vivid imagination, and often think you are being followed by the CIA or FBI. You have minor influence over your associates, and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisceans do terrible things to small animals. [ADI]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Yes we get letters!

Finally!

A publication that reflects the . . . vitality and uh . . . lifestyle of us--- (who are we, again?) oh, yeah--- post preppies, pre-yuppies-basically out in the ozone, semi-unattached (or soon to be . . .) neophyte embryos. (Yes, the drugs are starting to take effect!).

Please, please, PLEASE rush my next issue of A., D. & I (those of us in the know call it that---). I'd hate to think this perfectly good self addressed stamped envelope would go to waste!

Love & kisses,

Jenny

Dear Keepers of the Bore,

I'm sorry I can't type it out, but I have pizzas to deliver. When I read your stuff, I had some comments but now I've forgotten what I was going to say. So I will just say hi, and salute you, from those of us who are about to be married.

(continued on page 6)

LETTERS cont. from p. 5
Anxiously awaiting the
next zzzz,

Ben

[ed., with the
exception of the
following letter, none
of our subscribers have
last names]

To: Joe Bustillos and
Gibran X

Dateline: June 12,
1987, Encinitas, CA

Dear Mr. Bustillos and
Mr. X,

. . . I would indeed

like to see your next
issue "Air, Dirt &
Ink" if you please.
And another thing I was
wondering what "Air,
Dirt & Ink" is about.
I am writting [sic] a
book I have been
writing this book since
June 1, 1987. The
title is called THE
ADVENTURE OF MILLISA it
is a book about a girl
named Millisa who takes
an adventure to this
strange place it is
sort of like Alice in
Wonderland but with
different characters.
I have three business
cards, a book and a
circus and one singing

group called the
Golden Jets. Have a
nice day gotta go.
Bye.

WRITE BACK SOON,

Lisa Eggers

Editor, Make-Up Cards,
Inc.

[ed., Boring
Communications will be
negotiating for the
rights to THE
ADVENTURE OF MILLISA,
with the hopes of
bringing this story to
pages of ADI. On June
11, 1987 Ms. Eggers
turned 10 years old.]
[ADI]

SUMMER MOVIES: "ROBOCOP & STAKEOUT"

**Odd & Vidd E-0, ex-entertainment
editors**

[Odd] Okay, like, we had written
this great article on movies that
you could'a expected for your summer
viewing, but like it's mid-August
and God knows when Bustillos is
going to get this turkey to print.

[Vidd] Fortunately for us, none
of the films that we previewed back
in June have gotten the ax. So,
like, we don't have to write a new
article. Okay . . . roll 'em.

[Odd] Okay, so the first film,
Robocop, is like Clint Eastwood and
the Terminator have a baby.

[Vidd] Which is a tough feat to
pull off 'cause both characters are
males.

[Odd] Right. So the bad good
guys are planning to take over
Detroit and make it into a huge
Disneyland, only without the rides.

But to do it, they gotta convince
the war torn urban folk that they
can control the crime in the area.
Enter Robocop.

[Vidd] Well, first the bad bad
guys have to splatter Officer
Murphy (**Peter Weller**) all over this
warehouse.

[Odd] Then the bad good guys
take what's left . . .

[Vidd] . . . about five square
inches, which, fortunately for us,
constitutes his face . . .

[Odd] And make it into---ta
da---Robocop! He kind'a reminds me
of a metal coated Batman as he
sweeps up all of the criminals in
the city.

[Vidd] Everything looks to be
going pretty good for Robocop until
. . .

[Odd] Yeah, until he gets this
strange urge to look for his mom.
(continued on page 8)

SPECIAL FEATURE:

**"SEX AND THE SINGLE BRAIN CELL:
I Survived the EET . . . Kind'a"**

by Joe Bustillos

[ed., Is it true or fiction? Take into consideration that it's making it debut in the pages of ADI, that the subject is Sex, and that the writer is male, you'll then have your answer. **BEWARE:** Due to the author's vagrant disregard for other's sensitivity toward "salty language," prolonged exposure to this article by small children, TV evangelists and field mice has been known to cause the kind of anarchy and chaos that only Charlton Heston has been known to overcome.]]

Driving around Southern California on a sunny Sunday morning, the only thing on my mind is getting home. (I'm hoping that the freeway terrorists are on their donut break, hanging out at the local Winchell's with the CHP). Actually, I'm not really heading home. The reason I'm out and about at this hour is that I got a call at seven-thirty (A.M.) to come into work and on the way there I got cutoff by an attractive blonde in a white Honda Prelude. I got to thinking that right about now those in the Saturday-night-fever crowd were probably making their Sunday-morning introductions

and/or exits. Yeah, my mind works in strange ways when I get exposed to direct sunlight this early in the morning.

Uh . . . Last night I was kind of hoping to have been a part of the dancing portion of the Saturday night festivities. But I ran into a snag during the negotiation portion of the dating ritual. I was out-bid by my prospective date's pseudo-boyfriend. Not only was I out gunned in the historical-precedence department but the man had tickets to Disneyland and she said she needed an amusement park fix. ("If a fun ride is

what you're really looking, honey" Nah, I could never bring myself to say that). So . . . hours of ambiguous gestures and tentative plans came crashing to the floor because of fucking Mickey Mouse. But, I was a good sport about it. I said something lame like, "Don't get too crazy." She smiled and told me to have fun "with whatever it is you end up doing." There was kind of a choking, asphyxiation quality to the way the sun set that evening.

"Have fun with whatever it is you end up doing." Yeah, and I hope Space Mountain
(continued on page 10)

If you choose to ignore this warning ADI, Boring Communications (a division of **Last Minute Productions**) and **Joseph Bustillos** refuse to be held responsible for any damage to personal or public property, loss of career or social status, lost sense of direction, loss ambitions, loss of inhibitions, lost use of polysyllabic words, loss of consciousness, lost sense of time, lost weekends, lost weekdays, lost weeknights, and a few things that may be "gained," as a result of your actions. You must be 18 years old or over (but not too far over) to play. Void where prohibited. If rash develops discontinue use. Member FSLIC.

**MOVIES, cont. from
page 6**

[Vidd] That wasn't his ma, you idiot. That was his wife.

[Odd] Oh, whatever. A real good performance was put out in by **Kristie Alley** as Murphy's ex-partner.

[Vidd] Kristie Alley wasn't in this film. That was **Karen Allen**.

[Odd] Oh . . . I thought she looked like she'd gained some weight. Did you see **Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan**? I sure wish Kristie Alley would'a come back as the vulcan in **Star Trek III: The Search for Spock**.

[Vidd] What?

[Odd] In all, the film had some real good bad bad guys and some real good bad good guys and an ending that's sure to spawn sequels.

[Vidd] What?

[Odd] So, like, you can expect the release of **Robojudge &**

Robojury some time next summer.

[Vidd] Did you even see this film?

[Odd] Well, um . . . no.

[Vidd] Right.
[Odd] In another film that I didn't see, **Stakeout**, **Richard Dreyfuss** plays a young black cop, also from Detroit, who comes out to Lala land [ed., Los Angeles] to solve the mystery behind his best friend's murder.

[Vidd] What?!

[Odd] But along the way he, like, falls in love with the escaped convict's ex-girlfriend. And punches out **Emilio Estevez** to win her affection. Can you believe that chick lost 370 lbs. to star in that role?

[Vidd] Wait a minute! You got the story all screwed up . . .

[Odd] Listen, man! I'm getting sick and tired of your critical attitude. It's not

like we're getting paid to write these stupid reviews. If that skinflint **Bustillos** would spring for a few bucks I might go down to the theater to preview the flick. But until he does, I call's 'em like I see's 'em. Is that okay with you, four-eyes?

[Vidd] That does it! I don't have to put up with you, I don't care if you are my brother! You can take your barf breath some where else, buddy.

[Odd] Hey man, you can't kick me out. I live here too!

[Vidd] Well, that explains why there's never anything in the fridge, huh, fatso.

[Odd] Wait a minute! Who always drinks the last beer and leaves the empty bottle in the fridge?

[Vidd] You do, God damn it!

[Odd] Oh . . . Well, like, you can just stick . . . [ADI]

**Editorial cont. from
page 2**

out on time or not. Sorry.

So . . . what the hell are we doing in

the Persian Gulf?

With US mine sweepers and battle vessels heading toward the region, the situation sure looks

like another world war just waiting to happen. Perhaps I'm mistaken in all of this, but does anyone remember how we got (continued on page 9)

**EDITORIAL cont. from
page 8**

involved with the First World War, or the Spanish-American War?

Ah, the Persian Gulf, cradle of civilization---fitting that we should return there to find out if we've learned anything over the last, say, 6,000 years. Iran and Iraq have been standing toe to toe like two turn-of-century artless bar room boxers, exchanging direct punches to each others face for the last seven years. The art of sending thousands of unarmed troops into machine gun fire had become as routine as car bombs in Lebanon. It was something of an intermural squabble between rival factions in the Islamic world. Then some time during the Iran-Contra debacle it was decided that the US should re-flag Kuwaiti oil tankers and escort them through the Persian Gulf. Does anyone wonder why the powers-that-be chose now to make the US Navy into an escort service to the world?

Some very faint voices have suggested that for one to properly understand the "Why now?" question one need only point to a suffering public image on the

part of the Reagan administration.

Of course these are probably the same folks that saw the attack on Tripoli in '86 as an attempt on the part of the administration to divert the public's attention away from a failing domestic policy and toward a mythical end of international terrorism. Ha. Well, it did end international terrorism, didn't it?

Reagan may be stupid enough to think that he can fix what is basically an ideological problem between the US and the USSR with technology but he's no fool when it comes to manipulating the media. I've never seen anyone say to the Press, "Hey, Look, it's Halley's comet!" so many times in a row and get away with it.

Name any of the low points during the Reagan reign, you know, when political commentators start comparing him to Nixon and mention popularity polls in the same breath and I'll bet you that some media stunt was later used to influence a change in the public's attitude.

So the Persian

gulf, are we there to protect the interests of US Oil Companies . . . er, I mean, our oil interests or is this just another attempt to get us to focus in on some battle "over there" while the Wizard of Oz struggles to get the curtain back around the sound booth?

"This is your President speaking. This morning the United States Congress passed a resolution that outlawed the Soviet Union. The bombs will be dropping in fifteen minutes." Doesn't sound so funny any more, does it?

One comment to those who might think that I'm taking pot-shots at Reagan and withholding equal treatment of the Soviet Union: ADI is basically a satirical publication dedicated to the belief that our beloved government can be better and that sometimes we need a different perspective to see that. It's meant to be funny (at least I can hope). But when it comes to the Soviet Government (not to confuse the government with the people) there hasn't been a thing that that government has done that I find in the least bit funny. [ADI]

SEX cont. from page 7

breaks down while you stand in line for two hours! What a shitty way to begin a Saturday evening. Ha. But I have to admit that I was the one that screwed up. I didn't have a contingency plan. I should have known that when she said "Yes" she meant "Maybe." And if she had said "Maybe," she means, "Only as a last resort." And if she had said "No," she means, "Please leave before someone sees me talking to you."

"Have fun with whatever it is you end up doing." God, some people can be so cruel when they're wishing you well. This was certainly not a night for me to sit at home (even if ADI was two months behind. Hey, we're talking about my social visibility here. How am I ever going to qualify for Cosmos' bachelor of the month if I spend my Saturday nights at home, alone, working on a stupid news-whatever?! Get serious). Going to the movies alone sounded depressing. A buddy was going down to a local 50's era dance club called "The Hop." But getting nostalgic about an era I was too young to remember sounded more depressing than the movies. So . . . even though I swore that I would never do it again, I knew that the only way for me to regain my social respectability was for me to go down to another (more contemporary) dance club, Baxter's, and undergo the Ego Endurance Test (the dreaded EET!).

The EET is an ego busting, mind numbing experience. It is little wonder that both males and females undergoing the EET tend to drink copious amounts of alcoholic beverages. It has a certain "Twilight Zone" feel about it.

I can picture a beady-eyed Rod Serling, cigarette in hand, narrating the scene, "You're stuck in a dimly lit room with two hundred heavily muscled cephalopodic males

and three extremely selective females. The three females sit at a single table in the center of the room."

Thanks Rod. Anyway, each time one of the females got up to go to the restroom, one of the drooling cephalopods insisted on commenting on the more prominent features of her body in only the most graphic (and may I add, crude) language. Add to this, the fact that I couldn't help but noticing that she wasn't wearing enough clothing to pose for a lingerie ad.

"The music, it's incessant beat, washes over you, pouring forth from the brightly lit one square foot dance floor. The sunken dance floor is surrounded by a heavy wooden rail designed to keep the drooling males at bay while the three females decide on who will get to dance with them next."

Ah, Rod, do you mind? Anyway, I practically had to take a fucking number just to hear one of them say, "Oh . . . [sigh] not right now, thank you."

Depressing, huh. At this portion of the program Rod's suppose to walk in to explain the moral lesson behind this sad tale. . . Ah, Rod? Great, I must've pissed him off.

One of the last times I did this to myself I didn't go solo. I took along my buddy, Ed ("Eddy, Joey's here!" God, I used to hate it when his mom would say that). I don't remember whose stupid idea it originally was, but Ed, being a good buddy, must've figured that I needed a break from the four walls of my apartment ("But Ed, I like my four walls. See how close together they are. Do they seem to be getting closer to you?"). So, in a
(continued on page 11)

SEX cont. from page 10

misguided attempt to re-establish my virility we collided head on with Baxter's and the EET. Granted, he wasn't under any kind of threat by this going out to a dance club stuff. I mean, he was still married (did you catch that cleverly inserted "still"), at least he had a reason for not dancing.

That night I was shut out in three attempts (Ed kept his ego intact by restricting his smiles to our barmaid). Now that I think about it, I guess I shouldn't feel so bad about last night. At least last night I got one dance out of three attempts (not bad for four and a half hours of work).

"Are we having fun yet?" Why do cute barmaids always ask that?

Fun. Oh yeah, that's why I was doing this to myself. I was suppose to be having fun. About the only thing I was having was a bottle of Corona and a silent debate with myself centered on the word, "Why?"

"Why?" I mean, after one night of asking perfect strangers to jerk around with you on a crowded piece of linoleum and being gunned down by their queer looks (some borderlining on panic) wouldn't you want to know why? Why convert one rejection into an evening filled with rejections. (This is the kind of question we should have dealt with in our high school Humanities class. "What is man?" Who cares? I wanta' know, "Why date? Somebody's gotta be profiting from our emotional martyrdom?").

"Are we having fun yet?" God! Ed, buy a beer from the woman so she'll go away and I can think this problem through. Better yet, let me have another beer. (Somehow I didn't get around to thinking the problem through, until last night).

Please excuse the somewhat forced analogy (this is what happens when one tries to "think something through" after copious amounts of beer)---but, I think an analogy can be drawn between this dating stuff and writing. With writing ("Now class, when you write your little essays for the school newspaper, please avoid making the kind of mistakes that Mr. Bustillos makes in his essays. When making an example use the third person singular pronoun, 'one' instead of the second person pronoun, 'You.' . . .") you go on and on and on and on ("And do not over use parenthesis, it hurts the flow of the main sentence.") and on and on and on---as if you couldn't tell, right?. The idea behind all this excessive verbiage is the writer's vague hope that with all of this writing he'll eventually stumbling onto something worth keeping. I can only guess that it's the same with dating ("So how many frogs have you kissed today?").

In all honesty I should probably thank my Disneyland friend and the overly selective females at Baxter's. Because of their willingness to sacrifice what good times they could have had with me, I got home early and was alert enough this morning to accept the job offer from my work. In all, I ended up making a few hundred bucks instead of spending it on someone else's need to deal with the EET. Um . . . thanks.

You know, I just can't get over how sunny it is today. I never get out this early on a Sunday morning. Pretty nice. God, on a day like this it only seems fair that after work I should go over to Disneyland and see how Space Mountain is holding up---say "hi" to Mickey or something. [ADI]

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